

BAD SHOOTING CASE

Captain Forest Resists Attack of Sailor.

DRINK AND BAD TEMPER IN IT

George Fisher, Sailor on Schooner Annie Larsen, Assaults His Captain and Receives Bullet—Man May Die—Today Will Tell Tale.

Yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, George Fisher, a seaman on the three-masted schooner Annie Larsen, (and who joined her at San Francisco on November 23 last) now lying at the mill dock of the Astoria Box Company in East Astoria, was shot and perhaps mortally wounded by Captain C. M. Forest, of that vessel.

Fisher is now at the St. Mary's hospital in a very precarious condition, the exact nature of which will not be known until today, when Dr. J. A. Fulton, whose services were called at the time of the shooting, shall have made a detailed examination and measured the scope and nature of the wound. The doctor informed a reporter of the Astorian last evening, that without having given the wound conclusive investigation, he was of the opinion the bullet had passed through several of the intestines, and that it would result fatally, an opinion he might revoke, or confirm, in the light of deeper investigation.

The facts leading up to the shooting, as given by Captain Forest to representatives of the press, and to Deputy Sheriff Alan Anderson and Chief of Police Gammal, are as follows: Fisher had been sullen and morose for several days past, contumacious in the face of orders and flatly insulting in his contact with him (the captain); that yesterday he refused to work, alleging illness, and demanding his discharge on the same grounds; the captain told him he could not discharge him without the certificate of a physician, confirming his condition as unfit for work and service in his capacity aboard ship, and wrote a note in this behalf, addressing it to Dr. Jay Tuttle, of this city. This he gave to Fisher, telling him to deliver it and bring him an answer. Fisher took the note to the fore-cabin, tore it open, and returned to the master of the Larsen, who, in the meantime, had stepped upon the dock, and after making an insulting allusion to the note and its contents, threatened the captain and followed the threat up with a blow in the face. The captain immediately drew his .35-caliber revolver and fired in the direction of the sailor, as he claims, with the intention of missing him, and scoring him into submission; but the bullet went all too true and direct, piercing Fisher's right side and traversing his entire body, lodging on the left side just under the skin, making a dangerous and ugly wound.

Captain Forest was taken to the office of District Attorney Harrison Allen, where the facts in the case, as here outlined, were presented by the master of the schooner, and as no formal charge of any sort was preferred against him, and pending the results of the wound, the captain was not held, nor jailed, but returned to his vessel, where he will hold himself subject to the demands of the district attorney's office at any time. Mr. Allen has made full arrangements for the taking of Fisher's anti-mortem statement in the event he sinks during the next 24 or 48 hours, and upon the issue of that, or upon other formal procedure, requiring Captain Forest's detention, he will take all necessary legal steps for the apprehension and

indictment of the Larsen's master.

Captain Forest has any amount of friends in this neighborhood and is thoroughly respected by all who know him. He has been in the coasting service for 41 years and has sailed out of this port for the past quarter of a century more or less. He is well known by W. F. McGregor, A. M. Simpson and all the mill men in the northwest, and it is understood that their willingness to vouch for him will not be measured by any limit of bail money that may be demanded in the case. The captain's home is in Oakland, Cal., where his family of sons and daughters have grown to man and womanhood.

The conditions that arise today, with the wounded man, will determine the course of events in this sad matter, and it is hoped that Fisher may recover, for his own sake, and for the sake of the old man whose close years will, also, be darkened by a tragedy not of his own seeking.

(Later)—Close upon midnight Geo. Fisher, the sailor who was shot yesterday afternoon by Captain Forest, of the schooner Annie Larsen, died at St. Mary's hospital, from the effects of his wound.

He was placed on the operating table during the evening and his body was opened and explored for the bullet and the injuries incident to its progress. Dr. Fulton performing the operation. From the moment he entered the hospital no hope was entertained of his recovery, owing to the fact that the bullet could not have traversed the section it did without penetrating one, or more, of the intestines, and his falling condition gave the cue for the necessary investigation.

His death was instantly communicated to District Attorney Harrison Allen, and that officer at once prepared the complaint and processes incident to a charge of murder, and upon these, a warrant was issued by Justice P. J. Goodman, and by midnight Chief of Police Gammal had placed Captain Forest in the city jail upon the fearful charge. This turn in the wrecked affair has nearly overcome the captain and the prosecution of the case will be very trying upon him, as he is quite an old man. The law will take its due course. In this sad case, from today on, until its final mandate is known and fulfilled, whatever that may be.

WHAT'S

worth doing is worth doing well. If you wish to be cured of Rheumatism, use Ballard's Snow Liniment and you will be well cured. A positive cure for Sprains, Neuralgia, Bruises, Contracted Muscles, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. A. G. M. Williams, Navasota, Texas, writes: "I have used Snow Liniment for sprained ankle and it gave the best of satisfaction. I always keep it in the house." Harts Drug Store.

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The schooner J. H. Lundman, arrived in on the waters of the Tuleach yesterday afternoon, just twelve days out from San Pedro.

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BAR, BAY AND RIVER

Story of the Salving of the British Bark Melanope.

VESSEL NOW AT QUARANTINE

Costa Rica Down This Morning a Day Behind Her Schedule—Irene Leaves Out for San Pedro—Two New Marine Visitors.

Captain T. A. Jamison, of the steamer Northland, crossed in over the Columbia bar at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, along with his sea-prize, the British bark Melanope, an account of the salvaging of which was given at length in these columns yesterday morning. Captain Jamison at once made a verbal report of his find and her final restoration to port, to the custom house authorities, which he was bidden to fortify with a written and sworn report, and this he filed later in the day.

The wrecked bark he anchored safely in the quarantine anchorage in the lower harbor, with three men of his steamer-crew on board to hold her against all comers, and then he brought the Northland, cargo, crew and passengers, to this city, and berthed at the Callender pier, whence he will depart for San Francisco, on his original voyage as soon as he shall have heard from his owners, whom he apprised by wire, yesterday, of his splendid good fortune on the high seas.

Speaking of his finding and saving the abandoned wreck, to a reporter of the Astorian, Captain Jamison said he raised the derelict shortly after he had gotten his coffee off the bar yesterday morning, probably about 10 o'clock, and it was then about fifteen miles to seaward of Tillamook Head. He bore down on the vessel, thinking at first it was some ship in sore distress which he might relieve, but closer scrutiny soon convinced him it was a derelict; whereupon he made all preparation for boarding and examining her with a view to towing her back into this port. He sent his first officer, Mr. Dodge, with four men, in one of the steamer's life-boats over to the wallowing craft, which, as was expected, had been utterly abandoned, save that three little half-starved pet-dogs greeted them with piteous whimpers as they climbed over the side, and it was found that she was the Melanope, a complete wreck as far as her upper works, spars and rigging were concerned; she had a bad list to starboard, and the seas were breaking over her at all times and places. The fore and main masts had gone by the board and were dragging their top-hammer alongside, badly retarding the movements of the vessel, and in a short while Mr. Dodge had this stuff cut adrift, and a seven-inch line was served from the steamer and he started for the bar at a slow and heavy pace, but reached it all right late in the afternoon. There was a long, heavy sea running, and he was very uneasy on the score of his hawser, which he realized would not stand for very much chafing nor strain, and when the bar tug Talcoch ran down and hailed him with a proposition to aid him in his efforts and to share the proceeds of the venture, he declined the aid, and offered to borrow or buy a new and stronger hawser, but the tug had nothing of the kind to lend nor give and promptly left him on her homeward run. For some little time Captain Jamison did all he could to maintain his vantage and succeeded, until the steamer Daisy Mitchell, south bound, from Gray's Harbor, hove in sight, when he spoke her and secured a fine eight-inch hawser, with which he made all things secure and laid off the bar until good daylight, when he entered and went to anchorage with his valuable prize. The Melanope is in prime condition as to her hull, though her hull has shuddered and she is nearly on her beam-ends.

There were quite a number of visitors at the wreck yesterday and the photographers made good use of the object of interest and some splendid pictures were secured of the unragged vessel, and the market will soon be flooded with these valuable memoranda. The three unfortunate "Gingers" were promptly landed upon by the first visitors about the stricken ship and no doubt all of them will find happy homes, quite fit for even dog-homes of such a common-sense wreck.

Just what steps will be taken to fix the claim and title of the derelict Melanope in the lucky salvers of the Northland will be determined in a few

JUST A TIP



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P. A. STOKES.

Date December 14th, 1906 By **E. H. S.**

KINDLY CALL AT YOUR CONVENIENCE AND SELECT IT.

P. A. STOKES, UNCOMMON CLOTHES

days, and it is conceded on all sides that the captain, officers and crew of the Northland have made a lucky strike of it, and have done their work cleverly. In the meantime she will lie where she is, under proper watch and guard until the formalities incident to her new proprietorship are determined and perfected.

The Northland will resume her journey to the Bay City today, if all goes well.

There is a story about the wrecked bark Melanope which has a tinge of romance in it, and which will bear repetition. It seems that some years ago when she was lying in San Francisco harbor, awaiting her charter, her then master, whose name cannot be recalled at this moment, but who was a married man, and possessed of a family, became enamoured of a woman in the Pacific metropolis, who returned his love with such ardor and good faith, that she purchased the bark outright, and gave it to the man she idolized, knowing nothing of the other woman's righteous claims, and which, fortunately, she never knew to the hour of her death. She not only did this for him, but left him and kin and went out upon the great seas and followed him to the ends of the earth, giving him the devotion of what years were allotted to them, dying two years afterward, with him, and in his arms, at Panama, of the Chagres fever.

Then the vital question of her ownership came to the front with a vengeance. His real wife filed her claim in the federal courts and the kinsmen of the woman who had trusted him and lavished her wealth upon him, entered suit, as her heirs, and the matter was shifted to and fro in the courts, until at last the deserted wife won a verdict that in some measure justified her for the neglect and pain of the years of abandonment she had faced.

The four-masted schooner, Henry Wilson left out for San Francisco yesterday forenoon on the lines of the Walrus. She was loaded with lumber from Rainier.

The three-masted schooner Attilla Fjord, Captain Dahloff, came in from San Francisco yesterday morning and is anchored in the city channel.

The steamship Columbia is due in from San Francisco tomorrow afternoon, en route to Portland.

The steamship Costa Rica is 24 hours behind her schedule, and will leave out for San Francisco this morning.

The steamer San Mateo is due down this morning from Portland, en route to Redondo.

The steamer J. E. Statton cleared from this port yesterday for San Francisco, with half a million feet of lumber from the Tongue Point mills.

The four-masted schooner Irene, Captain Mitchell, went to sea yesterday at 1 o'clock, bound for Redondo.

The British bark Robert Duncan made over the bar for Europe, at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The Telegraph did her swift start in and out of this port yesterday, carrying fairly well both ways.

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